DIAMOND SMUGGLERS AND THEIR TRICKS.

Great Quantities of Gems Brought from Abroad without Paying Any Duty.

The High Tariff Rate Robbing the Government of Thousands of Dollars of Revenue,

INCREASE IN OPIUM SMUGGLING.

Odd Facts About Customs Rulings, Snakes as Tools of Trade, and Therefore Free of Duty, and Painted Fans Taxed as Works of Art.

Diamonds are being smuggled into this country at such a rate as to startle the Treasury officials. It is all on account of the Wilson tariff, which makes the duty 10 per cent on rough stones and 25 per cent on those cut and polished. Under the McKinley law only 10 per cent was charged on the cut gems, while rough ones came in free. Then it did not pay to smuggle diamonds, but the increase in the duty has made the business highly remunerative, and the stones are being fetched surreptitiously not only from Europe, but also over the Canadian border.

Thus it has come about that the imports of diamonds have dropped to an astonishingly low figure, although at the same time it is observed that these gems are unusually plentiful in the market of the United States. These facts point to smuggling on a large scale. What to do the Treasury does not exactly know, inasmuch as this particular sort of fraud on the Government is almost safe from detection.

Diamonds may be hidden in many ways so as to escape suspicion by the most vigilant customs inspector. Women conceal them in their hair sometimes. They have been discovered in hollow boot heels, in cakes of soap, in rifle cartridges, and even between a porous plaster and the skin of the wearer. They have been known to be fed to a dog before landing, the animal being subsequently killed and cut open. One passenger swallowed a diamond worth $1,000, and a detective, having administered an emetic, was obliged to sit down and wait.

From 1887 to 1893 the imports of cut gems unset averaged $12,000,000. In 1894 and 1895 they dropped to a little over $6,000,000—about one-half. The imports of rough or uncut stones fell from $300,000 to $120,000; but the most notable drop was in the importation of jewels employed by watchmakers, glaziers and other artisans, which fell from $450,000 under the McKinley law to $165,000.

Extraordinary efforts have been made to catch offenders, but with small success. It is likely that the next tariff law will reduce the duty on diamonds to the old figure. One of the first principles of tariff legislation is to avoid attaching to any article a duty that will afford a great inducement to smugglers.

This idea has been applied in the case of opium. Under the McKinley law the duty on prepared opium for smoking was $12 a pound, and many persons along the Pacific coast and the British Columbia border were engaged in fetching the stuff in surreptitiously. At present the duty is only $6 a pound; yet the Government is getting more money from it than when the tariff was $12, because smuggling has greatly diminished. Quite a number of Chinese and other firms engaged in the fraudulent business have abandoned it, simply for the reason that the difference of $6 does not cover expenses and risks. There is record of a case where a smuggler fed little balls of opium wrapped in tinfoil to calves on the other side of the Canada border, fetching the animals across and slaughtering them.

The hearings which are now going on before the Committee on Ways and Means with reference to proposed changes in the law for administering the customs service have developed some surprising facts. For example, it appears that the courts have held that live snakes are tools of trade, and as such are free of duty. This ruling would let in elephants and a whole menagerie. Fans of silk and lace, with sticks of shell and pictures painted on the silk, have been entered as paintings, and the courts decided that they were dutiable as paintings, and not as articles composed of lace, silks and shell. This ruling made the duty much less.

The question has been raised as to whether or not a painted piano case of wood is a painting or a manufacture of wood. Ladies' dresses of satin painted in water colors with floral and other designs actually may be brought in as paintings, and not as wearing apparel, making the duty 15 instead of 45 per cent.

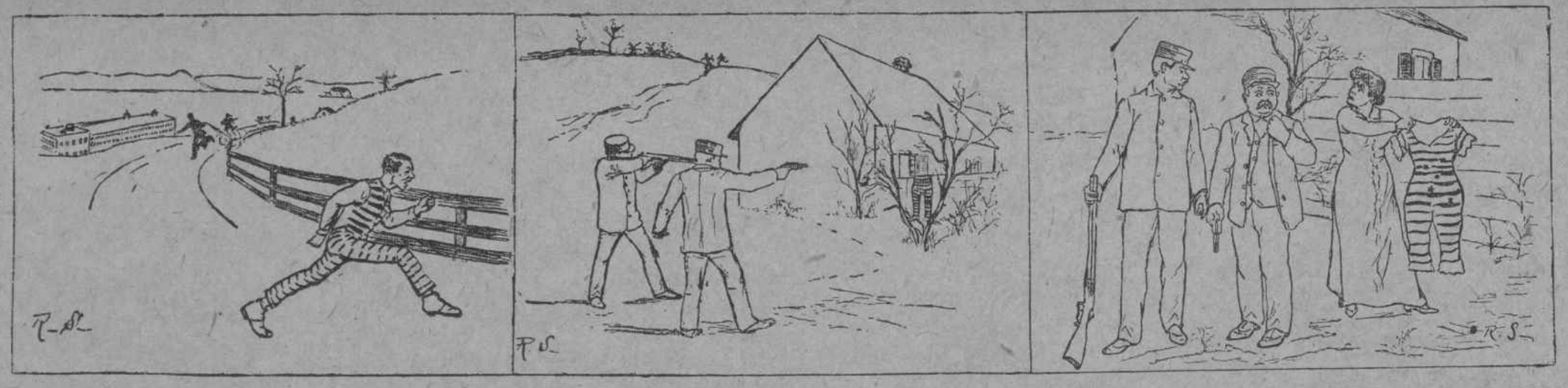
The whole customs business may be likened to a financial institution that is constantly under siege by people anxious to rob it. Few persons have any scruples against cheating the Treasury. No woman and scarcely any man hesitates to beat the tariff if she or he thinks he can do so without being suspected. Inspectors are led to many discoveries by the nervousness of amateur smugglers. Women engaged in such enterprises, large or small, very commonly "give themselves away" to the stewards or stewardesses on board ships. These employes, no matter how heavily feed, are always on the watch for smugglers. Their interest in passengers relates only to the money they can get out of them, and they are sure of a substantial reward in cash for every smuggler detected through information given by them.

One of the customs officials now stationed in Washington tells a story of a lame man whom he met while on his way from Nova Scotia to Boston in a steamer. He chanced to occupy a stateroom with the lame man. The latter took off his cork leg when he went to bed, and the other joked him about the advantage of being able to take off one's legs on retiring. The lame man replied that there was another advantage, and thereupon exhibited the leg, which was hollow and contained $2,000 or $3,000 worth of jewelry. He explained that he was in the jewelry business. On arriving at Boston he went ashore with a ragged hand satchel and behaved quite insolently to the customs officers, throwing down the satchel and saying that they might look it over if they wanted to. The officers were disgusted, but they permitted the fellow to limp away without interference.

The same official tells another story about a wink that cost an ingenious individual $10,000. The smuggler had arrived at New York, and his trunks had been examined and marked as O. K. He walked up the pier after them, and he was perfectly safe from detection, seemingly. But an officer at the gate through which he passed saw him wink his left eye. This wink, as a matter of fact, was addressed to a partner who was standing in some anxiety of mind on the further side of the gate. It was enough for the officer, who said, immediately: "Stop, sir! I want to look at your trunks again!" He did so, and found that one of them had a false bottom, beneath which $10,000 worth of contraband goods were hidden. They were confiscated.

On one occasion the inspectors at New York had news of a brig that was going to fetch a large quantity of smuggled cigars. When the vessel arrived they went aboard of her and made a thorough search, but without finding anything contraband. The laugh was on them, and they had a drink with the skipper before leaving. But as one of them was going up the gangway he chanced to spy about half an inch of ribbon sticking out from between two planks. This seemed odd and deserving of investigation. One of the planks was removed, and 50,000 fine cigars were discovered carefully hidden away between the planking and the outer skin of the ship.

SKETCHES BY SING SING'S HUMOROUS CONVICT.



HOW MANY SENSES DO WE POSSESS.

A Question That Is Now Being Discussed by European Scientists.

It Is Pointed Out That We Evidently Have a Sense of Heat and Also One of Weight.

DO WE POSSESS A SENSE OF LOVE?

Some Considerations Suggested by the Obvious Sense of Direction in Birds and the Strange Powers of People Who Are Blind.

How many senses have we? This is a question over which many European scientists are wrangling at the present time, and it does not appear so easy of solution as would seem at first sight.

The school books tell us that we have five senses and that these are hearing, feeling, seeing, smelling and tasting. Thinking is not a sense, and neither is speaking, but there are some things which we do that are not the result of exercising a faculty, nor are they emotions.

Thus, for instance, it has been pointed out by Dr. Andrew Wilson, of England, that there is no doubt we have a heat sense. The capacity of distinguishing between heat and cold is only remotely related to the sense of feeling from which, indeed, all of the senses emanate, and it is one which everybody has developed to a high degree.

Then there is the sense of weight, whose existence can hardly be denied. This may be proved by taking two balls of exactly similar size, one made of lead and one of wood. They are then to be covered with gold leaf or painted so that the eye cannot distinguish one from the other.

How do you tell the leaden ball from the wooden one? This cannot be done by exercising any of the five senses which we are told we possess in all the school books. But you take the two balls in your hand and "heft" them and you can distinguish one from the other instantly by the sense of weight.

People whose business it is to estimate the weights of the articles in which they deal acquire a marvellous exactitude and proficiency in the exercise of this new sense. If we only had five senses, as the school books teach, then we would be unable to distinguish heat from cold and light from heavy objects; Winter and Summer would affect us alike, and there would be no use for scales.

But it has been pointed out that there are other senses besides these. Thus it is suggested that we have a sense of direction. This is exhibited in rare perfection by birds and animals. Dogs and cats will find their way home from strange and distant places with a kind of unerring instinct.

So far as the birds are concerned this faculty has been attributed to "inherited memory." Families of birds which for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years have been annually in the habit of migrating with the seasons are supposed to transmit not only the habit but the actual direction to their descendants. Thus if a bird's ancestors have been accustomed in past epochs to fly from one country to another over thousands of miles of intervening space, the bird in virtue of the inherited habit will do precisely as did its forefathers and fly by the same route, even if the land surfaces have been replaced by tracts of sea.

This inherited memory theory will not, however, apply to the case of a dog or cat, which, taken by rail to a new home, makes its escape and travels back to its original home through an utterly strange country. The case of the carrier pigeon furnishes a remarkable illustration of this alleged sense of direction.

Brillat-Savarin, who thought and wrote so entertainingly on the sense of taste, believed that there was an amorous sense, or a sense of love, unconnected with any of the other senses, and affecting all members of the animal kingdom. The purpose and object of this sense, he said, was to perpetuate the race, and that without it any race of men or family of animals must quickly perish.

Another curious exercise of sense is shown by the blind, who in some mysterious manner can know when anybody is near them, even when they are deaf and destitute of the ability to smell. Dr. Napier, of Glasgow, tells how he has seen dozens of blind men skating together and never coming into collision, which, he adds, is more than can be said for their sight-possessing brethren.

A blind man, it is claimed, possesses the faculty of knowing whether an object before which he stands is long, short, slender, or bulky. He can also in the same mysterious manner detect, it is claimed, a continuous object like a fence, or know of the presence of a single one.

A recent notable illustration of this is furnished in England by Hanks Levy, who, although totally blind, can describe things brought into his presence, even in the dark. A fog, however, dulls his senses in this respect.

Mr. Levy says that he "seems to perceive objects through the skin of his face and to have the impressions immediately transmitted to the brain." Covering his face with a thick veil destroys this sense altogether. He calls this unrecognized sense by the name of "facial perception."

Hypnotism has opened up a wide field of investigation involving all the senses and possibly suggesting a new and hitherto unsuspected one. By what means is it that one man hypnotizes another? Clearly, it has been pointed out, by none of the senses we now recognize. There is here a mysterious power brought into play, and some individuals have it in a negative and others in a positive way, yet no two seem to be equally under its influence.

It has been suggested that the senses taught to children in the schools ought to be separated into two classes, the five senses hitherto taught constituting the primary class and the four or five others here referred to making a new and secondary class. This would explain many things that now seem mysterious to the youthful mind, which is unable to attribute to the known senses many of the most striking phenomena of life.

A CONVICT ARTIST.

Serving a Twenty Years' Sentence No. 759 Sing Sing Discovers Ability Likely to Make Him a Famous Painter.

Number 759 in Sing Sing Prison is serving a term of twenty years for burglary. He is thirty-five years old.

He has been in prison for six years, and has never been reprimanded nor punished during that time. His parents were well-to-do people, who gave him a good education, but a vicious spirit and evil associates urged him in a lawless course. He was not obliged to work, and as he never did anything he was not forced to do, he took life as easily as possible. That is, this was his programme for a time. Then he fell in love.

The natural sequel to this alliance with Cupid was marriage, after marriage came trouble. Like many other men who have brains without the knowledge of their possession, he was as helpless as a child. His parents said he had married beneath him. To this his friends agreed. Still, granting this, what was to be done?

This man solved the problem just as so many others in the same circumstances have done—he drifted steadily toward the brink of the chasm of evil deeds. One day he was arrested, charged with burglary. The value of the goods stolen was a trifle, but that didn't matter. Conviction followed, and he lost his identity, becoming convict No. 759.

Then a new life began in a cell 7 by 3½ feet. He worked in the various departments and learned half a dozen trades. Life was comparatively easy, except during the long stretch from 6 at night until 6 in the morning.

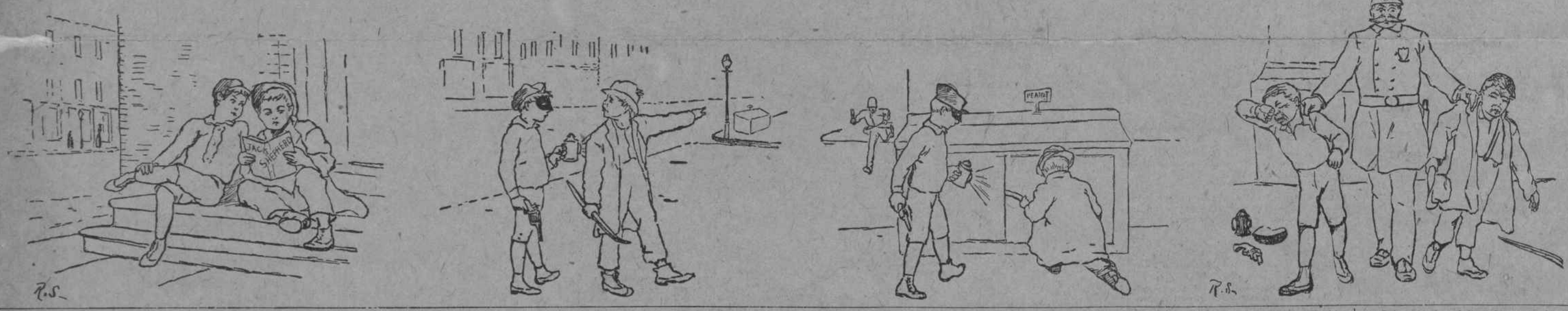
About six months ago some illustrated papers were given to No. 759. Then an idea, almost his first that really was of much account, came to him. When Warden Sage made his usual rounds. No. 759 asked him if he could have paper and pencil.

"What for?" asked the Warden.

"I think that I can learn to draw pictures like these," said No. 759.

Warden Sage sent paper and pencil to the cell, and No. 759 worked at his new trade. He made such progress that the Warden provided him with paints and brushes, and although he may never be a Raphael, the efforts of the man who is doing a twenty years' "bit" in Sing Sing would put to shame the productions of many society artists whose names are printed in the newspapers at least once a year. The sketches given here were made by No. 759—the man who has just discovered that he has brains—within the last week.

THE EVIL EFFECT OF DIME NOVELS AS ILLUSTRATED BY SING SING'S HUMORIST.



Tin-Types of War Scenes.

BY BILL NYE.

The late war demonstrated the fact that American soldiers could not only fight battles, but that they could build bridges, run railroad trains, or send a message over the wires. But the versatility of the soldier did not end with the war. It remained for later years to demonstrate that they could write books. We have, therefore, the war before us now in a clearer, better light, and we can see it more fairly than ever before.

But a civil war is not a pleasant thing to contemplate even in the past tense. Even with the mist of thirty years over the long line of mossy graves intervening, with the softening light of ebbing seasons upon the grim picture, it has little in it that we care to look upon, unless it be with the stern joy of the victor. How would we regard this picture were we to look back over that scarred and broken history, across the bitter years of blank despair and death, down to the quiet valley where lie our dead, dearer to us because they died in vain?

But I started out to say something else. I was going to recall some of the odd pictures—the tin-types, as it were—of war.

Do you recall the early picture of the volunteer soldier, made by a strolling artist, with chemicals in his hands, clear to his shoulder-blades? Do you remember this gentleman who came and camped with you and pointed a camera at you just after you had received your new uniform? He was a man who was thoroughly imbued with his art and some other things that they use in developing pictures. He placed his victim on a retired chair, put a cold iron prong in the back of his neck, and kept him in there until his eyes started from their sockets.

I have seen several such tin-types lately, taken by this same artist. In fancy I can see him in Cotton Studio on a hot day. He has begun work on a young soldier whose military coat-sleeves are too long. The artist puts the young man in a comfortable attitude where he looks as though death would be welcome.

He then inserts the cold, cast-iron firedog down the back of his neck. After that he feels of the young soldier's chin with a burnt amber hand and Egyptian mummy fingers with saffron nails.

Then he sticks his head into a large beehive on legs, puts a shroud over himself, and gets the warrior into focus so that his hands will take up the entire foreground of the picture, with a middle distance of hand-me-down blue clothing and a background of tented field and cold, relentless head-rest.

A few days more and a young-looking gentleman, wearing an air of inexperience and a long-waisted military coat, with gilt buttons on it, gilded after the picture was made, with one large hand inserted in the breast of this same coat and the other resting on the hilt of an overgrown sword, enters the home circle through the medium of the United States mail.

It is mildly grotesque, but deeply pathetic. The careless young person sees only the picture of a green young man, who has just begun to sniff the holiday atmosphere of war. He sees a tall youth with a red and meagre neck, a wealth of taffy-colored hair, and a hand that, in the amateur artist's portrait, looks as though it could crush an ordinary rebellion itself, if it could have fall enough.

Those were the days when the volunteer armies started out to battle, each soldier carrying a knapsack, a valise and a large zinc trunk with a plug hat in it. Those were the days when the war was a picnic and every man wore his good clothes on week-days.

What a sad moment it was when the soldier who had lived for twenty years under the protecting roof of a New England home, with a clean white shirt to put on every Sunday, learned at last that he must abandon his Gothic trunk and go forth to march hundreds of miles without it.

War is indeed a stern experience. It involves haste, danger and surprise. It means annoyance, discomfort and inconvenience. Imagine a warrior, on the eve of a long, hot march, behind a tree changing his clothes, with the contents of his trunk scattered about the grass, and with his head, no doubt, hopelessly driven into a fresh laundered and carefully welded shirt. He is flinging his arms wildly about, trying to draw himself up through the garment, so as to hang his grinning chin over the battlement. He smells the hot starch, his eyes hang red and glassy from their sockets. He sports a pair of low Summer pants and makes another wild struggle to emerge through the top of the shirt, when a picket guard rushes into the apartments with a wild, elocutionary cry of "To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!"

Such is war—grim, dusty, inconvenient war.

To look at the blue and red pictures of battles, such as we used to see, one would naturally suppose that the warrior put on his good clothes, had his hose carefully laundered, buttoned on a fresh collar and cuffs, put on his lawn tie and a broad hat with a $9 ostrich feather in it, had his tall boots blackened, adjusted a large pair of beautiful brass spurs, memorized the piece which he intended to speak when he got his death wound, and then sent word to the enemy that he would call in half an hour.

Such, however, is not the case. Some of our greatest warriors went into battle with their trousers tucked in their boots; and it is said that General Sherman did not have his trunk with him half the time in making his great bridal tour from Atlanta to the sea. Several of our ablest generals forgot to insert their right hands into the bosoms of their coats while prancing down the line of battle, and one of them chewed plug tobacco during a long, deadly fight with the enemy and while the life of the nation hung quivering in the balance.

I hate to tell these inside facts relative to our great conflict, but I believe the public demands the truth and is entitled to it. Let us lay aside the tinsel of war and disclose the bare facts as they actually existed. Let us for a moment forget the pretty soldier who wore polka-dot socks and rode a snorting war horse with a red, foam-flecked mouth; the soldier with the ten-buttoned gauntlets and the square-padded shoulders; let us leave him in the picture where he belongs while we bestow our homage and our tears upon the homely man who wore a flannel shirt and fought because it was right—not because it would look well in a photograph.

Gentle reader, in this amber fluid, with a lemon rind floating upon its heaving bosom, I here unite with you in drinking the health of the homely man who fights for our liberties in time of war and preserves them in time of peace; the man who joyfully enters a fight, knowing that to be disfigured will improve his appearance. And let me add: it would be a good idea to take a list of the names of those who are agitating the subject of a war with England. It might be safe to say that if such a catastrophe should occur, not one of those men would be in it. If the men who brought on a war had to fight it, there would be less war.

* * *

A constant reader writes to know whether man or woman may be regarded as the more courageous when we consider the matter carefully and thoroughly. She says that true courage and genuine heroism do not belong solely to the attributes of those who fight battles and die, if need be, for the canuse they espouse. It is as truly and essentially heroic for a woman to endure what she frequently must in silence throughout a lifetime, in order that she may, at the price of her own happiness, insure the comfort of her children, as it is for a man under the influence of a glorious frenzy of patriotism to imperil his life for an hour in the midst of battle.

All this is true. It is hard to say which sex is entitled to the greater praise, and it may be safely stated that they both excel, but in different lines. It requires some kind of courage for a man to face a violent death for the cause he deems just; and it requires quite another to sustain a woman through forty years of association with a mean man. By a wise provision of nature, man is so constructed that he may win a large amount of glory on the tented field, while his wife needs fully as much courage to live with him after he returns from said tented field.

Man makes a specialty of physical courage, while woman is more apt to dabble in the mental and moral variety with great success. Man is more apt to mingle in the fray and to come home with a forty-pound shot concealed in his thorax, while woman prefers to suffer on through life, trying to reform a husband who is not worth it. A good many men have given their wives employment of this variety throughout a long life. They have then died. It was a good thing to do. A man who has made this a business can do nothing that will more generally give satisfaction to those who know him than to die. If he could arrange to do so just before he married anybody it would be highly appreciated.

Sometimes we read of wonderful deeds of bravery on the part of people from whom we least expect them. Only a short while ago I heard of a duke who arose in the night to the shrill alarm of "Fire!" Going to the fire deparement, he succeeded in getting out and firing the engine, after which he rushed to the conflagration shrieking "Fire!" in a shrill tone of voice, and finally succeeded in saving several lives by his own personal efforts. This shows that even a duke may not be above a heroic action at such a time, and I am free to say that we should not forget that he has good impulses and that we should not be too hard on him. A duke like that need never be out of a job. Any time that he will come to me when I have any duking that I want done, I will give him work as long as it lasts. On the other hand, we frequently hear of duchesses who are very courageous in trying times, even while in comfortable circumstances, so that man may not monopolize the matter of heroism. It requires great heroism and self-devotion to be a Florence Nightingale, and where would we to-day find the man who could successfully be one?

It also required great heroism and presence of mind for Joan of Arc to put on a pair of checked pantaloons and fight the enemies of her country.

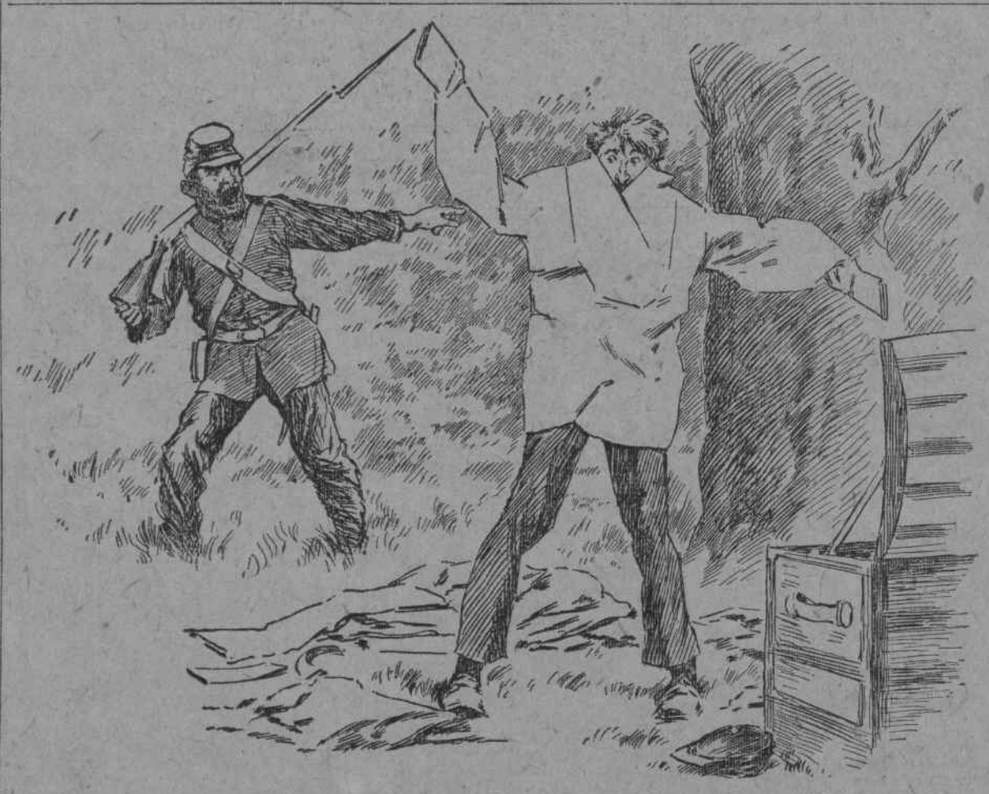
As we look down the pages of the world's history we run up against the fact, ever and anon, that woman is not only a gentle, ministering angel and a triumph of art, but she is heroic and grandly heroic, not for a moment only, but for many bitter, thankless years.

So I say to you, constant reader, that I can only answer your inquiry by adding that man and woman vary only in the manner of their self-sacrifice and the style of their courage and heroism. Some men are always brave and so many women are ever prompt to do a heroic action.

I read once of the drowning of a young man in New England under very peculiar circumstances. He, with a companion, was bathing in a beautiful lake in Connecticut, I believe, when he was seized with cramps and sank. A boat containing two young ladies floated leisurely on the bosom of the water, within hailing distance, and it was called to by the young man's comrade. It came near and would have been in ample time to rescue the boy had not one of the young women learned that he was not in full dress. It seemed that when he went in bathing he had been in the habit of foolishly removing his clothing, so that it would be dry when he came out of the water. He did not expect to meet any one while in bathing and so was not prepared. Therefore the boat was rowed away, while the young ladies shrieked two times in rapid succession, and the water closed over the white features of the young man forever.

This illustrates better than I could do it otherwise the great, distinguishing characteristics of man's courage and woman's heroism. Had the young ladies been sinking for the third time, under similar circumstances, and the two young men been in the boat, the girls would have been alive to-day. Man does not pause to consider the matter of dress at such a time.

BILL NYE.



"IMAGINE A WARRIOR BEHIND A TREE CHANGING HIS CLOTHES."

(Drawn for the Journal by E. W. Kemble.)